Arch.G
e.27
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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787

Timing
of the Stroke

945

Malone
865.

A WITTIE AND PLEASANT COMEDIE

Called

The Taming of the Shrew.

As it was acted by his Maiesties *Seruants at the* Blacke Friers *and the* Globe.

Written by VVill. Shakeſpeare.

Malone
865.

1631.

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BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

Drumatis personæ.

Baptista — Father to Katerina & Bianca

Gremio } Gentlemen of Padua
Hortensio }

Vincentio — Father to Lucentio

A Pedant

Petruchio a Gent of Verona come to Padua.

Lucentio a gent of Pisa come to Padua.

Grumio } Serv.ts to Lucentio.
Biondello }

Grumio servant to Petruchio.

Curtis

Katerina } Baptistas Daughters
Bianca
Widdow

servants to Petruchio

THE
Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger.

I Le pheeze you infaith.

Host. A paire of ſtockes you rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, wee came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Panca's pallabris*, let the world ſlide: Seſſa.

Host. You will not pay for the glaſſes you haue burſt?

Beg. No, not a denere: goe by *Ieronimie*, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedie, I muſt goe fetch the Head-borough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile anſwere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come and kindly.

Falles aſleepe.

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntſman I charge thee, tender well my hounds,
Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curre is imboſt.
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe mouth'd brach,
Saw'ſt thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good,
At the hedge corner, in the coldeſt fault,
I would not looſe the dogge for twentie pound.

Hunſ. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord,
He cried vpon it at the meereſt loſſe,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulleſt ſent,
Truſt me I take him for the dogge.

Lord. Thou art a foole, if *Eccho* were as fleete,

I would esteeme him worth a dozen such:
But sup them well, and looke vnto them all.
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.
Huntſ. I will my Lord.
Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?
2. *Hun.* He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale,
this were a bed but cold to sleepe so soundly.
Lord. Oh mounstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
Grimme death how foule and loathsome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?
1. *Huntſ.* Beleeue me Lord, I thinke hee cannot choose.
2. *H.* It would seeme strange vnto him when he wak'd,
Lord. Euen as a flat'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the ieſt:
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
And burne sweet Wood to make the lodging sweete:
Procure me musicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly sound:
And if he chance to speake, be ready straight
(And with a low submissiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your honor will command:
Let one attend him with a siluer Bason
Full of rose-water, And bestrew'd with flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a costly suite,
And aske him what apparell he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
And that his Lady mournes at his disease,
Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames;
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:

This

This do, and doe it kindly, gentle sirs,
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modestie.
1. *Huntſ.* My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
As he shall thinke by our true dilligence
He is no lesse then what we say he is.
Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound Trumpets.

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds,
Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling some iourney) to repose him heere.

Enter Seruingman.

How now? who is it?
Ser. An't please your Honor, players
That offer seruice to your Lordship.

Enter players.

Lord. Bid them come neere;
Now fellowes, you are welcome.
Players. We thanke your Honor.
Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?
2. *Player.* So please your Lordshippe to accept our dutie.
Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,
Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:
I haue forgot your name: but sure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd,
Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your Honor meanes.
Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I haue some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (ouer-eying of his odde behauiour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into some merrie passion,

And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.
1. y. Feare not my Lord we can containe our selues,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world.
Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Buttrie,
And giue them friendly welcome euery one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my page,
And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He bare himselfe with honorable action,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft low tongue and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is't your Honor doth command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde imbracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close-conuei'd)
Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a seruingman.

I know the boy will well vsurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:

I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselues from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene,
Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, Bason and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.
1 Ser. Wilt please your Lordship drinke a cup of sacke?
2 Ser. Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserues?
3. Ser. What raiment will your honor weare to day.
Beg. I am *Christopher Sly*, call not mee Honor nor Lordship: I ne're dranke sacke in my life: and if you giue me any Conserues, giue mee conserues of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doublets then Backes: no more stockings then legges: nor no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feet then shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the ouer leather.
Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of such discent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteeme
Should be infused with so foule a spirit.
Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Christopher Slie*, old *Slies* sonne of Burton heath by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a Beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker. Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee know me not: if she say I am not xiiii. d. on the score for sheere Ale; score mee vp for the lyingst knaue in Christendome. What I am not bestraught: here's
3. Man. Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.
2 Man. Oh this is it that makes your seruants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your house
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,

Each

Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue muſicke? Harke Apollo playes, *Muſicke*
And twentie caged Nightingales do ſing,
Or wilt thou ſleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and ſweeter then the luſtfull bed
On purpoſe trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we will beſtrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trap'd,
Their harneſſe ſtudded all with Gold and Pearle.
Doſt thou loue hawking? Thou haſt hawkes will ſoare
Aboue the Morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy bounds ſhall make the Welkin anſwer them
And fetch ſhrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy gray-hounds are as ſwift
As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe.

2 *M.* Doſt thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee ſtrait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing ſedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a Maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhal ſweare ſhe bleeds,
And at that ſight ſhall ſad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haſt a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And til the teares that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like enuious floods ore-run her louely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhe is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord and haue I ſuch a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleepe: I ſee, I heare, I ſpeake:
I ſmel ſweet ſauors, and I feele ſoft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,

And not a Tinker, nor Chriſtopher Slie.
Well, bring our ladie hither to our ſight,
And once againe a pot o'th ſmalleſt Ale.

2. *Man.* Wilt pleaſe your mightineſſe to waſh your hands:
Oh how we ioy to ſee your wit reſtor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
Theſe fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Beg. Theſe fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer ſpeake of all that time.

1 *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye weare beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the Hoſteſſe of the houſe,
And ſay you would preſent her at the Leete,
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone-iugs, and no ſea'ld quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Beg. I, the womans maid of the houſe.

3. *Man* Why ſir you konw no houſe, nor no ſuch maid
Nor no ſuch men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twentie more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer ſaw.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends. *All.* Amen

Enter Ladie with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou ſhalt not looſe by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her

Beg. Are you my wife and will not call mee husband?
My men ſhould call mee Lord, I am your good-man.

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband I am your
wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. *Alce* Madam, or *Ione* Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo Lords call Ladies
Beg. Madame wife, they ſay that I haue dream'd,
And ſlept aboue ſome fifteene yeare or more.
Lady. I, and the time ſeeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Beg. 'Tis much, ſeruants leaue me and her alone:
Madam vndreſſe you, and come now to bed.
La. Thrice noble Lord, Let me intreate of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or if not ſo, vntill the Sun be ſet.
For your Phyſitions haue expreſſely charg'd,
In perill to incurre you former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.
Beg. I, It ſtands ſo that I may hardly tarry ſo long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I will therefore tarrie in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant Comedie,
For ſo your Doctors hold it verie meete,
Seeing too much ſadneſſe hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurſe of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thouſand harmes, and lengthens life.
Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Commontie, a Chriſtmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?
Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuffe.
Beg. What houſhold ſtuffe.
Lady, It is a kind of hiſtory.
Beg. Well, we'l ſee't:
Com Madam wife ſit by my ſide,
And let the world ſlip, wee ſhall nere be yonger.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triano.

Luc. Tranio, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee faire *Padua*, nurſerie of Arts,

I am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My truſtie ſeruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply inſtitute
A courſe of Learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa renowned for graue Citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father firſt
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentiuolij*,
Vicentio's ſonne, brought vp in *Florence*,
It ſhall become to ſerue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudie,
Vertue and that part of Philoſophie
Will I applie, that treates of happineſſe,
By verue ſpecially to be atchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with ſacietie ſeekes to quench his thirſt.
Tra. Me Pardinato, gentle maiſter mine:
I am in all affected as your ſelfe,
Glad that you thus continue your reſolue,
To ſucke the ſweets of ſweete Philoſophie.
Onely (good maſter) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no ſtockes I pray,
Or ſo deuote to *Ariſtotles* checkes
As *Ouid*; be an out-caſt quite abiur'd:
Balke Logicke with acquaintaince that you haue,
And practiſe Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Muſicke and poeſie vſe, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes and the Metaphyſickes
Fall to them as you finde your ſtomacke ſerues you:
No profit growes where is no pleaſure tane:
In briefe ſir, ſtudie what you moſt affect.
Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well doſt thou aduiſe,

If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put vs in readinesse,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friendes as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what companie is this?
Tra. Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptista with and his two daughters, Katerina Bianca, Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortentio sister to Bianca. Lucen Tranio, stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolu'd you know:
That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,
Because I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue shall you haue to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,
There, there *Hortensio*, will you any Wife?
Kate. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?
No mates for you,
Vnlesse you were of Gentler milder mould.
Kate. I faith sir, you shall neuer neede to feare,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,
And paint your face, and vse you like a foole.
Hor. From all such diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Husht master, heres some good pastime toward;
That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward.
Lucen. But in the others silence do I see,
Maids milde behauiour and sobrietie.
Peace *Tranio*.
Tra. Well said Mr, mum, and gaze your fill.
Bap, Gentlemen, that I may soone make good

What

What I haue said *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,
For I will loue thee nere the lesse my girle.
Kate A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye, and she knew why.
Bian. Sister content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.
Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerua* speak.
Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe.
Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.
Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resolud:
Go in *Bianca*.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*,
Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kind and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And so farewell: *Katherina* you may stay,
For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*
Kate. Why and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha. *Exit*
Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your gifts are so good heere's none will holde you: There loue is not so great *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nailes together, and fast it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides. Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweete *Bianca*, if I can by any meanes light on a fitt man to teach her that wherein shee delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I signiour *Gremio*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd Parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that we may yet againe haue accesse to to our faire Mistris, and be happie riuals in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.

Gre. A husband: a diuell.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a diuell: Thinkst thou *Horensio*, though her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there be good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; To be whipt at the high crosse euerie morning.

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choice in rotten apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so farr forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptistas* eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his yongest free for a husband, and then haue too t'afresh; Sweete *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: he that runnes fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible
That loue should of a sodaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio* till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of loue in idlenesse,
And now in plainesse do confesse to thee
That art to mee as secret and as deere
As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,
If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrle:

Counsaile

Counsail me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst:
Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but so,
Redime te captam quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The rest will comfort, for thy counsels sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweete beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.

Luc. Tranio, I saw her corrall lips to moue,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and sweete was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him from his trance:
I pray you awake sir: if you loue the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieue her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That till the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your loue must liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he closely meu'd her vp,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suiters.

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Father he:
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care
To get her cuning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marrie am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.

End.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countriemen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta, content thee: for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it followes thus;
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted:
Keepe house, and port, and seruants as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
Vncase thee: take my Conlord hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you need:
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be seruiceable to my sonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another sence,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio be so, because *Lucentio* loues,
And let me be a slaue, t'atchieue that maide,
Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?

Bion. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you?
Master ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your clothes, or you stolne
his, or both? Pray what's the newes?

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life,
Puts my apparell, and my countenance on,
And I for my escape haue put on his:

For in a quarrell since I came ashore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to saue my life:
You vnderstand me?

Bion. I sir ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a iot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wish after, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptistas* yongest daughter. But sirra not for my sake, but your masters, I aduise you vse your manners discreetly in all kinde of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in all places else, you master *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio let's go:
One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou aske mee why, Sufficeth: my reasons are both good and waighty.

Exeunt. *The Presenters aboue speakes.*

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely: Comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame Ladie: would 'twere done. *They sit and marke.*

Enter Petrucio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leaue,
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloued and approued friend
Hortensio: and I trow this is his house:
Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.

Gru. Knocke sir? whome should I knocke? Is there any man ha's rebus'd your worship?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.

Gru. Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, what am I sir, that I should knocke you heere sir.

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.

Gru. My Mr is growne quarrelsome:
I should knocke you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Petr. Will it not be?
Faith Sirrah and you'l not knocke Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol*, *Fa*, and sing it.

He rings him by the eares.

Gru. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.
Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrrah villaine.

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?
Petr. Signior *Hortensio* come you to part the fray?
Con tutti le core bene trobatto, may I say.
Hor. Alla nostra casa bene venuto, multo honorata signior mio Petruchio.
Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.
Gru. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice, looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, and & rap him soundly sir, Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so, being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whome would to God I had well knockt at first then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.
Petr. A senceless villaine: good *Hortensio*,
I bad the rascall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knocke at the gate? Oh heauens: spake you not these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?
Pet. Sirra be gon, or talke not I aduise you.
Hor. Petruchio patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (sweete friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?
Petr. Such winde as scatters yong men through the world,
To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.

Signior

Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.
Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-fauor'd wife?
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell:
And yet I le promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And I le not wish thee to her.
Petr. Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as wee,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worse:
She moues me not, or not remoues at least
Affections edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.
Grue. Nay looke you sir, he tels you flatly what his minde is: Why giue him gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head, though she haue as many diseases as two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so monie comes withall.
Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus farr in,
I will continue that I broach'd in iest,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her only fault and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrow'd and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state farre worser then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr.

Petr. *Hortenſio* peace: thou knowſt not golds effect,
Tell mee her fathers name, and'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.
Hor. Her father *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.
Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceaſed father well:
I will not ſleepe *Hortenſio* til I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this firſt encounter,
Vnleſſe you will accompanie mee thither.
Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor laſts. A my word, and ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would thinke ſcolding would do little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a ſcore Knaues, or ſo: Why that's nothing; and he begins once, hee'le raile in his rope trickes. Ile tell you what ſir, and ſhe ſtand him but a litle, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo diſfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall haue no more eies to ſee withall then a Cat: you know him not ſir.
Hor. Tarrie *Petruchio* I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſtas* keepe my treaſure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongeſt daughter, beautifull *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
For thoſe defects I haue before rehearſt,
That euer *Katherina* will be woo'd.
Therfore this order hath *Baptiſta* tane,
That none ſhall haue acceſſe vnto *Bianca*,
Til *Katherine* the Curſt, haue got a husband.
Gru. *Katherine* the curſt,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worſt.
Hor. Now ſhall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguiſ'd in ſober robes,
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchoole-maſter

Well ſeene in muſicke, to inſtruct *Bianca*,
That ſo I may by this deuice at leaſt
Haue leaue and leiſure to make loue to her,
And vnſuſpected court her by her ſelfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio diſguiſ'd.

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together. Maſter, maſter, looke about you: Who goes there?
Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riuall of my Loue.
Petruchio ſtand by a while.
Grumio. A propper ſtripling, and an amorous.
Gremio. Oh very well, I haue perus'd the note:
Hearke you ſir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of Loue, ſee that at any hand,
And ſee you reade no other Lectures to her:
You vnderſtand me. Ouer and beſide
Signior *Baptiſtas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largeſſe. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verie well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter then Perfume it ſelfe
To whom they go to: what will you reade to her.
Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, ſtand you ſo aſſur'd,
As firmely as your ſelfe were ſtill in place,
Yea and perhaps with more ſucceſſefull words
Then you; vnleſſe you were a ſcholler ſir,
Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is,
Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Aſſe it is.
Petru. Peace ſirra.
Hor. *Grumio* mum: God ſaue you ſignior *Gremio*.
Gre. And you are wel met, Signior *Hortenſio*.
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptiſta Minola*.
I promiſt to enquire careſully
Aboute a ſchoolemaſter for the faire *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and behauiour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant yee.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promist me to helpe one to another,
A fine Musitian to instruct our mistris,
So shall I no whit be behind in dutie
To faire *Bianca*, so beloued of me.
Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds shall proue.
Gru. And that his bags shall proue.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tell you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curst *Katherine*,
Yea and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well:
Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know she is an irkesome brawling scold:
If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, saist me so, friend? what Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* sonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope good dayes and long, to see.
Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
But if you haue stomacke, too't a Gods name,
You shall haue me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gru. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a litle dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lyons rore?
Haue I not heard the sea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the Skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,

As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.
Gru. For he feares none.
Grem, *Hortensio* hearke:
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My mind e presumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor I promist we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing what soere.
Gremio. And so we will, prouided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beseech you which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you meane?
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to——
Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.
Tanio. I loue no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir a word ere you go:
Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And I be sir, is it any offence?
Gremio. No: If without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why sir, I Pray you are not the streets as free for me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason I beseech you.
Gre. For this reason if you'l kno,
That she's the choice loue of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor That she is the chosen of Signior *Hortensio*.
Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me patience,
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more sutors haue, and me for one.

Faire *Lædaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;
And so she shall: *Lucentio* shall make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speede alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.
Luc. Giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade.
Petr. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer see *Baptistas* daughter?
Tra. No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beautious modestie.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.
Petr. Sir vnderstand you this of me (insooth)
The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all accesse of tutors
And will not promise her to any man,
Vntill the elder sister first be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.
Tranio. If it be so sir, that you are the man
Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke,
Atchieue the elder, set the yonger free,
For our accesse, whose hap shall be to haue her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you say wel, and well you do conceiue,
And since you do professe to be a tutor,
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tranio. Sir, I shall not be slacke, in signe whereof,
Please ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carouses to our Mistresse health,
And do as aduersaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.
Gru. Bion. Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.
Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your *Been venuto*. *Exeunt.*

Enter.

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your selfe,
To make a bondmaide and a slaue of mee,
That I disdaine: but for these other goods,
Vnbind my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
Yea all my rayment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will commaund me, will I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.
Kate. Of all thy sutors heere I charge tell
Whom thou lou'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bianca. Beleeue me sister, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
Kate. Minion thou lyest: Is't not *Hortensio*?
Bian. If thou affect him sister, heere I sweare
Ile plead for you my selfe, but you shall haue him.
Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more.
You will haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.
Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me so?
Nay then you iest, and now I well perceiue
You haue but jested with me all this while:
I pre thee sister Kate vnite my hands.
Ka. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence?
Bianca. Stand aside, poore Gyrle she weepes:
Go ply the needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou hilding of a diuellish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ner wrong thee?
When did shee crosse thee with a bitter word?
Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.
Flies after Bianca.
Bap. What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*
Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, lead Apes in hell.

Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.
Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greeu'd as I?
But who comes heere.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man, Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy bearing a Lute and bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista*.
Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio*: God saue you Gentlemen.
Petr. And you good sir: pray haue you not a daughter cal'd *Katerina*, and vertuous.
Bap. I haue a daughter sir, cal'd *Katerina*.
Gre. You are to blunt, go to it orderly.
Petr. You wrong me signior *Gremio*, giue me leaue?
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* sir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affabilitie and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behauiour,
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eie the witnesse
Of that report, Which I so oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in musicke, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Litio*, borne in *Mantua*.
Bap. Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good sake:
But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
She is not for your turne the more my greife.
Pet. I see you doe not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie.
Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.
Pet. *Petruchio* is my name *Antonio's* sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
Gre. Sauing your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let vs that are poore petitioners speake too? *Bacare*, you are meruaylous forward.
Pet. Oh, pardon me signior *Gremio*, I would faine be doing.
Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guise
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
The like kindnesse my selfe, that haue beene
More kindely beholding to you then any
Freely giue vnto this yong scholler, that hath
Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in musicke and Mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray you accept his seruice.
Bap. A thousand thankes signior *Gremio*:
Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle sir,
Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming?
Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,
Do make my selfe a suter to your daughter,
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme resolue, vnknowne to mee,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This Libertie is all that I request,
That vpon knowledge of my parentage,
I may haue welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free accesse and fauour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:
Bap. *Lucentio* is your name of whence I pray.
Tra. Of *Pisa* sir, sonne to *Vincentio*.
Bap. A mightie man of *Pisa* by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome sir:
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter

Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selues.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste,
And euery day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, If I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she suruiue me.
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoeuer,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That couenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happie be thy speed;
But be thou arm'd for some vnhappie words.

Pet. I to the proofe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap. How now my friend why dost thou looke so pale?

Hor. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What will my daughter proue a good Musitian?

Hor. I thinke she'l proue a souldier,
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not breake her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no for she hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a moist impatient diuelliish spirit)
Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them:
And with that word she stroke me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,
And twangling Iacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a lustie Wench,
I loue her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to haue some chat with her.

Bap. Well go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in Practise with my yonger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes,
Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She sings as sweetly as a Nightinghale:
Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleare
As Morning Roses newly washt with dew:
Say she be mute, and will not speake a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And say she vttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thankes,
As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:
If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day
When I shall aske the banes, and when be married.
But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for that's your name I heare.
Kate. Well haue you heard, but ſome thing hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.
Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my ſuper-daintie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation,
Hearing thy mildneſſe prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues ſpoke of, and thy beautie ſounded,
Yet not ſo deepely as to thee belongs,
My ſelfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kate. Mou'd in good time, let him that mou'd you hither
Remoue you hence: I Knew you at the firſt
You were a moueable.
Pet. Why, what's a moueable?
Kat. A ioyn'd ſtoole.
Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come ſit on me.
Kate. Aſſes are made to beare, and ſo are you,
Pet. Women are made to beare, and ſo are you
Kate. No ſuch Iade as you, if me you meane
Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.
Kate. Too light for ſuch a ſwaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight ſhould be.
Pet. Should be, ſhould: buzze.
Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh ſlow-wing'd Turtle ſhall a buzzard take thee?
Kate. I for a Turtle as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come you waſpe, y'faith you are too angrie.
Kate. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.
Kate. I, If the foole could finde it where it lies.
Pet. Who knowes not where a Waſpe does weare his ſting?
In his taile.
Kate. In his tongue?
Pet. Whoſe tongue.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tailes, and ſo farewell.
Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.
Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,
Kate. That Ile trie. *ſhe ſtrikes him*
Pet. I ſweare Ile cuffe you, if you ſtrike againe.
Kate. So may you looſe your armes,
If you ſtrike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.
Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.
Kate. What is your Creſt, a Coxcombe?
Pet. A combeleſſe Cocke, ſo *Kate* will be my Hen.
Kate. No Cocke of mine you crow too like a crauen.
Pet. Nay come *Kate* come: you muſt not looke ſo ſowre.
Kate. It is my faſhion when I ſee a Crab.
Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not ſowre.
Kate. There is, there is.
Pet. Then ſhew it mee,
Kate. Had I a glaſſe, I would.
Pet. What, you meane my face.
Knte. Well aym'd of ſuch a yong one.
Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.
Kate. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kate. I care not.
Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. In ſooth you ſcape not ſo.
Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit, I find you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I finde report a very lyar:
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech: yet ſweete as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou canſt not frowne, thou canſt not looke a ſconce,
Nor bite the lip, as angrie wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſſe in talke:
But thou with mildneſſe entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
Oh ſland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as browne in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me see thee walke, thou dost not halt.
Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did euer *Dian* so become a Groue
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:
Oh be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chast, and *Dian* sportfull.
Kate. Where did you studie all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.
Kate. A wittie mother, witlesse else her sonne.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kate. Yes, keepe you warme.
Pet. Marry so I meane sweete *Katherine* in thy bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowrie greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other houshold *Kates*:
Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall,
I must, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife.
Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amisse.
Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your dumps?
Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You haue shewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Iacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter cur.
Pet. Father 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:

If she be curst, it is for policie,
For shee's not froward, but modest as the Doue
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience, she will proue a second *Grissell*,
And Roman *Lucrece* for her chastitie:
And to conclude, we haue greed so well together,
That vpon sonday is the wedding day.
Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first,
Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, she sayes shee'll see thee hang'd first
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then good night our part.
Pet. Be patient Gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twain e being alone,
That she shall still be curst in companie.
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loues me: oh the kindest *Kate*,
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
Shee vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her loue.
Oh you are novices, 'tis a world to see
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:
Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;
Prouide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say, but giue me your hands,
God send you ioy *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father and wife, and Gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,
We will haue rings, and things and fine arrayr
And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sonday.

Exit Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a merchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,

'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch,
But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour and was tutor first.
Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.
Gre. Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I.
Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you Gentlemen, I will compound this strife
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.
Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *tirian* tapestrie:
In Iuory coffers I haue stuft my Crownes:
In Cipres chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine linnen, Turky cushions bost with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I die to morrow this is hers
If whil'st I liue she will be only mine.
Tra. That only came welll in: sir, list to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good

Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Besides two thousand, Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull Land, all which shall be her ioynter.
What, haue I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?
Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall haue, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, haue I choakt you with an Argosie
Tra. Gremio, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse
Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasses
And twelue tite Gallies, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.
Gre. Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more,
And she can haue no more then all I haue,
If you like me, she shall haue me and mine.
Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promise, *Gremio* is out-uied.
Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best,
And let your father make her the assurance,
She is your owne, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him where 's her dower?
Tra. That 's but a cauill: hee is olde, I yong.
Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?
Bap. Well Gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,
On sonday next, you know,
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the sonday following shall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:
If not to Signior *Gremio*:
And so I take my leaue, and thanke you both. *Exit.*
Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his waining age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy. *Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:

'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonders: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
Hort. But wrangling pedant this is
The patronesse of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue Prerogatiue,
And when in musicke we haue spent an houre
Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous Asse that neuer read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his vsuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy
And while I pause, serue in your harmony.
Hor. Sirra, I will beare these braues of thine.
Bianc. Why Gentlemen, you do me double wrong;
To striue for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
Ile not be tied to houres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife heere sit we downe,
Take you the instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be neuer, tune your instrument,
Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic est Sigeria tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.*
Bian. Conster them.
Luc. Hic Ibat, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, sonne vnto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeria tellus*, disguised thus to get your loue, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis* that we might beguile the old Pantalowne.
Hort. Madam my instrument's in tune.
Bian. Let's heare, oh fie the treble iarres.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
Bian. Now let mee see if I can conster it. *hic ibat simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeria tellus*, I trust you not, *hic staterat Priami* take heede he heare vs not, *regia* presume not, *Celsa senis* dispaire not.
Hort. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iarres.
Luc. How fierce and forward our pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
Pedascule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleeue, yet I mistrust.
Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*
Was *Aiax* cald so from his grandfather.
Hort. I must beleeue my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,
But let it rest, now *Litio* to you:
Good master take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both.
Hort. You may go walke, and giue me leaue a while,
My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Musition groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy and effectuall,

Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.
Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio*.
Bian. Gamouth I am the ground of all accord:
A re, to plead *Hortensio's* passion:
Beeme, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord
C faut, that loues with all affection:
D sol re, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
E la mi, show pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nicke. Mistresse your father prayes you leaue your bookes,
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell sweete masters both, I must be gon.
Luc. Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay.
Hor. But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,
Me thinkes he lookes as though he was in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble
To cast thy wandring eies on euery stale:
Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,
And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?
Kate. No shame but mine: I must forsooth be forst
To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leisure

I told you I, he was a frantick foole,
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would please him come and marrie her.
Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
Whatsoeuer fortune stayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I knew him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.
Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer seen though.

Exit weeping.

Bap. Go girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an iniurie would vexe a verie Saint,
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you neuer heard of,
Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?
Bion. Why, is it not newes to heare of *Petruchio's* comming?
Bap. Is he come?
Bion. Why no sir?
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is comming.
Bap. When will he be heere?
Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.
Tra. But say, what to thine olde newes?
Bion Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an olde ierkin, a paire of old breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of boots that haue beene candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd: an old rusty sword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelesse: with two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mothy saddle, and stirrops of no kindred: besides possest with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of Windegalls, sped with

Spauins

Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fiues, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-chekt Bitte, and a headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrained to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth sixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, and heere and there peec'd with packthreed.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and blew list; an old hat, and the humor of fourty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, and not like a Christian foot-boy, or a Gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis some old humor pricks him to this fashion, yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes.

Bion. Why sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his backe.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparel'd as I wish you were.

Petr. Were it better I should rush in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is is my louely bride?
How does my father? gentles me thinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Comet, or vnusuall prodigie?

Bap.

Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so vnprouided:
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemne festiuall.

Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in some part inforced to digresse,
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withall.
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these vnreuerent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not, I believe me, thus Ile visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marrie her.

Pet Good sooth euen thus: therefore ha done with words,
To me she's married not vnto my clothes:
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And seale the title with a louely kisse. *Exit*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he goto Church.

Bap. Ile after him, and see the euent of this. *Exit.*

Tra. But sir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater summes then I haue promised,

So shall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marrie sweete *Bianca* with consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees wee meane to looke into,
And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'l ouer-reach the graybeard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musitian, amorous *Litio*,
All for my masters sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.
Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom comming home?
Gre. A Bridegroome say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumling groome, and that the girle shall finde.
Tra. Curster then she, why 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why he's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.
Tra. Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuills damme.
Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
Ile tell you sir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd, the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
That down fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he if any list.
Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?
Gre. Trembled and shooke for why he stamp'd and swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, he calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had been aboord carowsing to his mates after a storme, quaft off the Muscadell, and threw the sops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske him sops

as he was drinking. This done, he tooke the Bride about the neck and kist her lips with such a clamorous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad marriage neuer was before: harke, harke I heare the minstrels play.

Musicke playes.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Petr. Gentlemen and friends I thanke you for your paines,
I know you thinke to dine with mee to day,
And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
But so it is, my haste doth call mee hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.
Bap. Is't possible you will away to night?
Pet. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: If you knew my businesse,
You would intreate me rather goe then stay:
And honest company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my selfe
To this most patient, sweete, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to mee,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let vs intreate you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gra. Let me intreate you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kate. Let me intreate you.
Pet. I am content.
Kat. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall intreate me stay,
But yet not stay, entreate me how you can.
Kat. Now if you loue me stay,
Pet. Grumio, my horse,
Gru. I sir they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the horses.
Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,
The dore is open sir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene:

For mee, Ile not be gone till I pleaſe my ſelfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly ſurly groome,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee prethee be not angrie,
Kate. I will be angry, what haſt thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. I marrie ſir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridall dinner,
I ſee a woman may be maide a foole
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt,
Pet. They ſhall go forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feaſt, reuell and domineere,
Carowſe full meaſure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your ſelues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor ſtampe, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuffe, my field my barne,
My horſe, my oxe, my aſſe, my any thing,
And heere ſhee ſtands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, wee are beſet with theeues,
Reſcue thy miſtreſſe if thou be a man:
Feare not ſweete wench, they ſhall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile Buckler thee againſt a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
Luc. Miſtreſſe, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?
Bian. That being mad her ſelfe, ſhe's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride and Bridegroom (wants
For to ſupply the places at the table,
You know there wants no iunckets at the feaſt:
Lucentio you ſhall ſupply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſters roome.

Tra. Shall ſweete *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?
Bap. She ſhall *Lucentio*: come Gentlemen let's goe.
Enter Grumio. *Exeunt.*
Gru. Fie fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Maſters, and all foule waies: was euer man ſo beaten? was euer man ſo raied? was euer man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, and ſoone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw mee, but I with blowing the fire ſhall warme my ſelfe: for conſidering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis.*

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls ſo coldly?
Gru. A peece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maiſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heele, with no greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good *Curtis.*
Cur. Is my maſter and his wife comming *Grumio*?
Gru. Oh I *Burtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, caſt on no water.
Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported:
Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this froſt: but thou know'ſt winter tames man, woman, and beaſt: for it hath tam'd my olde maſter, and my new miſtris, and my ſelfe fellow *Curtis.*
Cur. Away you three inch foole, I am no beaſt.
Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire or ſhall I complaine on thee to our miſtris, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.
Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?
Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, and therefore fire: doe thy dutie, and haue thy dutie, for my Maſter and miſtris are allmoſt frozen to death.
Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.
Gru. Why lacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as thou wilt.
Cur. Come, you are ſo full of conicatching.
Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is ſupper readie, the houſe trim'd, ruſhes

ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſeruingmen in their new fuſtion, the white ſtockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euery thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. Firſt know my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtris falne out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a ſenſible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beſeech liſtning: now I begin. Inprimis we came downe a foule hill, my Maſter riding behinde my Miſtris.

Cur. Both of one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhouldſt haue heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe vnder her horſe: thou ſhouldſt haue heard in how miery a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horſe vpon her, how he beate me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he ſwore, how ſhe prai'd, that neuer prai'd before: how I cried, how the horſes ranne away, how her bridle was burſt: how I loſt my crupper, with many things of worthy memorie, which now ſhall die in obliuion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to the graue.

Cur. By this reckning he more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniell, Ioſeph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugerſop* and the reſt: let their heads bee ſlickely comb'd, their blew coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtſie with their left legges, and not preſume to touch a haire of my Maſters horſe-taile till they kiſſe their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Doe you heare ho? you muſt meete my maiſter to countenance my miſtris.

Gru. Why ſhe hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it ſeemes, that calls for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fiue ſeruingmen.

Gru. Why ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*.

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Ioſ. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my ſpruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our maſter?

Gru. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not—Cockes paſſion, ſilence, I heere my maſter.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaues? what no man at doore
To hold my ſtirrop, nor to take my horſe?
Where is *Nathaniell, Gregory, Phillip*.

All ſer. Heere, heere ſir, heere ſir.

Pet. Heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir.
You logger-headed and vnpoliſht groomes:
What? no attendants? no regard? no dutie?
Where is the fooliſh knaue I ſent before?

Gru. Heere ſir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, ſwaine, you horſon malt-horſe drudge
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along theſe raſcall knaues with thee?

Grumio. Nathaniels coat ſir was not fully made,
And *Gabriels* pumpes, were all vnpinkt i'th heele:
There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,

And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregorie*,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.
Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *Ex. Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.
Enter seruants with supper.
Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foot awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.
Enter one with water.
Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? shall I haue some water?
Come *Kate* and wash, and welcome heartily:
You horson villaine, will you let it fall?
Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.
Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomack,
Will you giue thankes, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. *Ser.* I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedlesse iolt-heads and vnmanner'd slaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.
Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,

The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,
Since of our selues, our selues are chollericke,
Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we'l fast for companie.
Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*
Enter Seruants seuerally.
Nat. Peter didst euer see the like.
Peter. He kills her in her owne humor.
Grumio. Where is he?
Enter Curtis a Seruant.
Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continencie to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that she (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.
Enter Petruchio.
Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successefully:
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
And till shee stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure,
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:
She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not:
As with the meat, some vndeserued fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulster,
This way the Couerlet, another way the sheetes:
I, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,

And with the clamour keepe her ſtill awake:
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindneſſe,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headſtrong humor:
He that knowes better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeake, 'tis charitie to ſhew. *Exit.*

Enter Tranio and Hortenſio:

Tra. Is't poſſible friend *Liſio*, that Miſtris *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tell you ſir, ſhe beares me faire in hand,

Luc. Sir, to ſatisfie you in what I haue ſaid,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Miſtris profit you in what you read?

Bian. What Maſter reade you firſt, reſolue me that?

Hor. I read that I profeſſe the Art to loue.

Bian. And may you proue ſir Maſter of your Art.

Luc. While you ſweete deere proue Miſtreſſe of my heare.

Hor. Quicke proceeders marry now tell me I pray,
You that durſt ſweare that your miſtris *Bianca*
Lou'd me in the world ſo well as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Oh deſpightfull Loue vnconſtant womankind,
I tell thee *Liſio* this is wonderfull.

Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not *Liſio*,
Nor a Muſitian as I ſeeme to bee,
But one that ſcorne to liue in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of ſuch a Cullion;
Know ſir, that I am call'd *Hortenſio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I haue often heard
Of your intire affection to *Bianca*,
And ſince mine eyes are witneſſe of her lightneſſe,
I will with you, if you be ſo contented,
Forſweare *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.

Hor. See how they kiſſe and court: Signior, *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forſweare her
As one vnworthy all the former fauors
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.

Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,

Neuer to marrie with her, though ſhe would intreate,
Fie on her, ſee how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forſworne
For me, that I may ſurely keepe mine oath.
I will be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes paſſe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud diſdainfull Haggard,
And ſo farewell ſignior *Lucentio*,
Kindneſſe in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shall win my loue, and ſo I take my leaue,
In reſolution, as I ſwore before.

Tra. Miſtris *Bianca*, bleſſe you with ſuch grace,
As longeth to a Louers bleſſed caſe:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forſworne you with *Hortenſio*.

Bian. *Tranio* you ieſt, but haue you both forſworne me?

Tra. Miſtris we haue.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Liſio*.

Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a luſtie Widdow now,
That ſhall be woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God giue him ioy.

Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.

Bianca. He ſayes ſo *Tranio*

Tra. Faith he is gon vnto the taming ſchoole.

Bian. The taming ſchoole: what is there ſuch a place?

Tra. I miſtris, and *Petruchio* is the maſter,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a ſhrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Maſter, maſter I haue watcht ſo long,
That I am dogge-weary, but at laſt I ſpied
An antient Angell comming downe the hill,
Will ſerue the turne.

Tra. What is he *Biondello*?

Bion. Maſter, a Marcantant, or a pedant,
I know not what' but formall in apparell,
In gate and countenance ſurely like a Father.

Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?

Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,

Ile make him glad to seeme *Vincentio*,
And giue assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God saue you sir.
Tra. And you sir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.
Tra. What Countreyman I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
Tra. Of *Mantua* Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to *Padua* carelesse of your life.
Ped. My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*, know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
For priuate quarrell 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis maruaile, but that you are but newly come,
You might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I haue bills for monie by exchange
From *Florence* and must heere deliuer them.
Tra. Well sir, to doe you courtesie,
This will I doe, and this I will aduise you.
First tell me, haue you euer beene at *Pisa*?
Ped. I sir, in *Pisa* haue I often bin,
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
Tra. To saue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor will I doe you for his sake,

And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*.
His name and credit shall you vndertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you should,
You vnderstand me sir: so shall you stay
Till you haue done your businesse in the Citie:
If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.
Ped. Oh sir I doe, and will repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie.
Tra. Then goe with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderstand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one *Baptistas* daughter heere:
In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,
Goe with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.
Kat. The more my wrong, the more his spite appeares.
What, did he marrie me to famish me?
Beggers that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who neuer knew how to intreate,
Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spights me more then all these wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who should say if I should sleepe or eate,
'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
I prethee goe, and get me some repast,

I care not what, so it be wholsome foode.
Gru. What say you to a Neats foote?
Kate. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me haue it.
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate,
How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
Kate. I like it well, good *Grumio* fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?
Kate. A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.
Gru. I but the Mustard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then I will not, you shall haue the Mustard
Or else you get no Beefe of *Grumio*.
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,
Beats him.
That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my miserie:
Go get thee gone I say.
Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.
Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Mistris, what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerefully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merits thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then thou lou'st it not:
And all my paines is sorted to no proofe.
Heere take away this dish.
Kate. I pray you let it stand.
Pet. The poorest seruice is repaide with thankes,
And so shall mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thanke you sir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are to blame:
Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you companie.
Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou loue'st mee:

Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue,
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,
And reuell it as brauely as the best,
With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and thinges:
With Scarfes, and fannes, and double change of brau'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beads, and all this knau'ry.
What hast thou din'd? The Tailor stayes thy leasure
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.
Enter Tailor.
Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments
Enter Haberdasher
Lay forth the Gowne. What newes with you sir?
Fel. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Velues dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a wallnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:
Away with it come let me haue a bigger.
Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in hast.
Kate. Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,
And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde
And if you cannot, best you stop your eares,
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will breake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Euen to the vttermost as I please in words.
Pet. Why thou saiest true, it is a paltrie cap,
A custard coffen a bauble, a silken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.
Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.
Pet. Thy gowne why I: come Tailor let vs see't.

Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?
Whats this? a sleeue? 'tis like a demi-cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:
Why what a deuils name a Tailor cal'st thou this?
Hor. I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.
Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.
Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Goe hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.
Kate. I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.
Tail. She saies your Worship meanes to make a puppet of her.
Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance:
Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnane,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.
Tail. Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Iust as my master had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it should be done.
Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe.
Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marrie sir with needle and thred.
Tail. But did you not request to haue it cut?
Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.
Tail. I haue.
Gru. Face not mee: thou hast brau'd many men, braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I say vnto thee, I bid thy Master

Master cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to peeces; Ergo thou lyest.
Tail. Why heere is the note of the fashion to testifie.
Pet. Read it.
Gru. The note lies in's throate if he say I said so.
Tail. Inprimis a loose bodied gowne.
Gru. Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow me in the Skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome of browne thred: I said a gowne.
Pet. Proceede.
Tail. With a small compast cape.
Gru. I confesse the cape.
Tail. With a trunke sleeue.
Gru. I confesse two sleeues.
Tail. The sleeues curiously cut.
Pet. I there's the villainie.
Gru. Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded the sleeues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy litle finger be armed in a thimble.
Tail. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.
Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue me thy meate-yard, and spare not me.
Hor. God-a-mercy *Grumio*, then he shall haue no odds.
Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.
Gru. You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistris.
Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse.
Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistresse gowne for thy master, vse.
Pet. Why sir what's your conceit in that?
Gru. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you thinke for:
Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vse.
Oh fie, fie, fie.
Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the Tailor paide.
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.
Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no vnkindnesse of his hastie words:
Away I say, commend me to thy master. *Exit Tail.*
Pet. Well come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,

Euen in these honest meane habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the Iay more precious then the Larke?
Because his feathers are more beautifull:
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted Skin contents the eye.
Oh no *Kate*: neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture and meane array.
If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolike, we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.
Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:
Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,
You are still crossing it, sirs let 't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.
Hor. Why so this Gallant will command the sunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.
Ped. I what else, and but I be deceiued,
Signior *Baptista* may remember me
Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*.
Tra. Where we were Lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,
'Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy,

'Twere

'Twere good he weere school'd.
Tra. Feare you not him: sirra *Biondello*,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.
Bion. Tut, feare not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*.
Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Heere comes *Baptista*: set your countenance sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted and bare headed.

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you are happilie met:
Sir, this is the Gentleman I told you of,
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Giue me *Bianca* for my Patrimony.
Ped. Soft son: sir by your leaue, hauing come to *Padua*
To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waightie cause
Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him: to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care.
To haue him matcht, and if you please to like
No worse then I vpon some agreement
Me shall you finde readie and willing
With one consent to haue her so bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,
Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well
Right true it is your son *Lucentio* here
Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him
Or both dissemble deepely their affections:
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a father you will deale with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,

The match is made and all is done,
Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.
Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand.
Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio* for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,
Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,
And happilie we may be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele passe the businesse priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your seruant here,
My boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home and bid *Bianca* make her readie straight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
Biond. I pray the Gods she may with all my heart.
Exit.
Tran. Dallie not with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Enter Peter.
Signior *Baptista* shall I leade the way,
Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere,
Come sir we will better it in *Pisa*.
Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt.*
Enter Lucentio and Biondello.
Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What saist thou *Biondello*.
Biond. You saw my Master wincke and laugh vpon you?
Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?
Biond. Faith nothing: but has left me here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee moralize them.
Biond. Then thus: *Baptista* is safe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.

Luc.

Luc. And what of him?
Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.
Luc. And then.
Bion. The old Priest at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your command at all houres.
Luc. And what of all this.
Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her. *Cum preuilegio ad Impremendum solem*, to th' Church take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this bee not that you looke for, I haue no more to say,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.
Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello*.
Biond. I cannot tarrie: I knew a wench married in an afternoone as she went to the Garden for Parseley to stuffe a Rabit, and so may you sir: and so adew sir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Priest be readie to come against you come with your appendix.
Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleasd, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. *Exit.*

Enter Petruchio Kate Hortensio.

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more towards our fathers:
Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone.
Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moone-light now.
Petr. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.
Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shine, so bright.
Pet. Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe,
It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe
Euer more crost and crost, nothing but crost,
Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe
Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farr,
And be it moone, or Sunne, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush Candle:
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.

Petr. If ſay it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone.
Petr. Nay then you lye: it is the bleſſed Sunne.
Kate. Then God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed ſun,
But ſunne it is not, when you ſay it is not.
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Katherine*.
Hort. *Petruchio*, goe thy wayes, the field is won.
Petr. Well, forward, forward thus the bowle ſhould run,
And not vnluckily againſt the Bias:
But ſoft: Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Miſtris, where away:
Tell mee ſweete *Kate*, and tell me truely too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What ſtarrs do ſpangle heauen with ſuch beautie,
As thoſe two eyes become that heauenly face?
Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties ſake.
Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.
Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and freſh, and ſweete,
Whether away, or whether is thy aboade?
Happy the parents of ſo faire a childe;
Happier the man whom fauourable ſtars
Alots thee for his louely bedfellow.
Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou ſaiſt he is.
Kate. Pardon old father my miſtaking eyes,
That haue bin ſo bedazled with the ſunne,
That euery thing I look on ſeemeth greene:
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad miſtaking.
Petr. Do good old grandſire, and with all make known
Which way thou trauelleſt if along with vs,
Wee ſhall be ioyfull of thy company;

Vin.

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Miſtris,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaſde me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Piſa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to viſite
A ſonne of mine, which long I haue not ſeene.
Petr. What is his name?
Vinc. *Lucentio* Gentle ſir.
Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy ſonne:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing Father,
The ſiſter to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieued, ſhe is of good eſteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may be ſeeme
The Spouſe of any noble Gentlewoman:
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſonne,
Who will of thy arriuall be full ioyous.
Vinc. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant trauailers to breake a ieſt
Vpon the companie you ouertake?
Hort. I do aſſure thee father ſo it is.
Petr. Come goe along and ſee the truth hereof,
For our firſt merriment hath made thee iealous. *Exeunt.*
Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if ſhe froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortenſio* to be vntoward. *Exit*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.

Biond. Softly and ſwiftly ſir, for the Prieſt is ready.
Luc. I flie *Biondello*; but they may chance to neede thee at home therefore leaue vs. *Exit.*
Biond. Nay faith' Ile ſee the Church a your backe,
And then come backe to my miſtris as ſoone as I can.
Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio With attendants.

Petr.

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* houſe,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither muſt I and heere I leaue you ſir.

Vin. You ſhall not chooſe but drinke before you go,
I thinke I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheere is toward. *Knock.*

Grem. They're buſie within, you were beſt knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beate downe the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within ſir?

Ped. He's within ſir, but not to be ſpoken withall.

Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your ſelfe, he ſhall need none ſo long as I liue.

Petr. Nay, I told you your ſonne was beloued in *Padua*: doe you heare ſir, to leaue friuolous circumſtances, I pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is heere at the doore to ſpeake with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. I ſir, ſo his mother ſayes if I may beleeue her.

Petr. Why how now Gentleman: why this is flat knaueric to take vpon you an other mans name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to cozen ſome bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I haue ſeene them in the Church together, God ſend them good ſhipping: but who is heere? mine old Maſter *Vincentio* now we are vndone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may chooſe Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no ſir: I could not forget you, for I neuer ſaw you before in all my life.

Vinc. What, you notorius villaine, didſt thou neuer ſee thy Maſters father, *Vincentio*;

Bion.

Bion. What my worſhipfull old maſter? yes marrie ſir ſee where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeede. *He beates Biondello.*

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me.

Pedan. Help ſonne, helpe Signior *Baptiſta*.

Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's ſtand aſide and ſee the end of this controuerſie.

Enter Pedant with ſeruants, Baptiſta, Tranio.

Tra. Sir what are you that offer to beate my ſeruant?

Vinc. What am I ſir: nay what are you ſir: oh immortall Gods: oh fine villaine, a ſilken doublet, a veluet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloak and a Spataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my ſonne and my ſeruant ſpend all at the vniuerſitie.

Tra. How now what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you ſeeme a ſober ancient Gentleman by your habit but your words ſhew you a mad man: why ſir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thanke my good father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You Miſtake ſir, you miſtake ſir, praie what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer ſince he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tronio*.

Ped. Awaie, away mad aſſe, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine onelie ſonne and heire to the lands of me ſignior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*, oh he hath murdred his Maſter; lay hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my ſonne, my ſonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my ſonne *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to the Iaile: Father *Baptiſta*, I charge you ſee that he be forth comming.

Vinc. Carrie mee to the Iaile?

Gre. Staie officer, he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talke not ſignior *Gremio*: I ſay he ſhall goe to priſon.

Gre. Take heede ſignior *Baptiſta*, leſt you be conicatcht in this buſineſſe: I dare ſweare this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'ſt,

Gre. Naie, I dare not ſweare it.
Tran. Then thou wert beſt ſay that I am not *Lucentio*.
Gre. Yes I know thee to be ſignior *Lucentio*.
Bap. Away with the dotard, to the laile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be haild and abuſd: oh monſtrous villaine.
Bion. Oh we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forſweare him, or elſe wee are all vndone.
Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as faſt as may be.
Luc. Pardon ſweete father. *Kneele.*
Vin. Liues my ſweete ſonne?
Bian. Pardon deere father.
Bap. How haſt thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?
Luc. Heere's *Lucentio*, right ſonne to the right *Vincentio*,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes bleer'd thine eine.
Gre. Heere's packing with a witneſſe to deceiue vs all.
Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter ſo?
Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?
Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
Luc. Loue wrought theſe miracles. *Bianeas* loue
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the Towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the laſt
Vnto the wiſhed hauen of my bliſſe:
What *Tranio* did, my ſelfe enforſt him to;
Then pardon him ſweete Father for my ſake.
Vin. Ile ſlit the villaines noſe that would haue ſent me to the laile.
Bap. But doe you heare ſir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?
Vin. Feare not *Baptiſta*, wee will content you, go to:
but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*
Bap. And I to ſound the depth of this knauerie, *Exit.*
Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frowne.
Exeunt.

Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the reſt,
Out

Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt.
Kate. Husband let's follow, to ſee the end of this adoe.
Petr. Firſt kiſſe me *Kate*, and wee will.
Kate. What in the midſt of the ſtreete?
Petr. What art thou aſham'd of me?
Kate. No ſir, God forbid, but aſham'd to kiſſe.
Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirralet's away.
Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kiſſe, now pray Loue ſtay.
Petr. Is not this well? come my ſweete *Kate*.
Better once then neuer, for neuer too late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca, Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and widdow: The ſeruingmen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At laſt, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To ſmile at ſcapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelfe ſame kindneſſe welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, ſiſter *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortenſio* with thy louing *Widdow*:
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe,
My banket is to cloſe our ſtomakes vp
After our great good cheere: pray you ſit downe,
For now wee ſit to chat as well as eate.
Petr. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eate and eate.
Bap. *Padua* affoords this kindneſſe ſonne *Petruchio*.
Petr. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde.
Hor. For both our ſakes I would that word were true.
Pet. Now for my life *Hortenſio* feares his Widow.
Wid. Then neuer truſt me if I be affeard.
Petr. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſſe my ſence:

I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddie thinkes the world turns round.
Petr. Roundly replied.
Kate. Mistris how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.
Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?
Hor. My Widdow sayes, thus she conceiues her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.
Kate. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
I pray you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husbands sorrow, by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A verie meane meaning.
Wid. Right. I meane you.
Kat. And I am meane indeed, respecting you.
Petr. To her *Kate.*
Hor. To her *Widdow.*
Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to thee Lad.

Drinkes to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?
Gre. Beleeue me sir, they But together well.
Bian. Head, and But an hastie witted bodie,
Would say your Head and But were head and horne.
Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe againe,
Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun:
Haue at you for a better Iest or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw my Bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Petr. She hath preuented me. Here signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therfore a health to all that shot and miss't.
Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himselfe and catches for his Master.
Petr. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baye.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio.*
Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?
Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse:
And as the Iest did glaunce away from me,
'Tisten to one it maim'd you too out right.
Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou hast the verriest shrew of all.
Petr. Well I say no: and therefore sir, assurance,
Let's each one send vnto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hort. Content what's the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes.
Petr. Twentie crownes.
Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much vpon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Petr. A match 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me.
Bio. I goe. *Exit.*
Bap. Sonne Ile be you halfe, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?
Bion. Sir, my Mistris sends you word
That she is busie, and shee cannot come.
Petr. How? she's busie and shee cannot come: is that an answere?
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praie God sir your wife send you not a worse.
Petr. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to mee
forthwith. *Exit. Bion.*

Pet. Oh ho intreate her, nay then she must needes come.
Hor. I am affraid sir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: Now where's my wife?
Bion. She sayes you haue some goodly Iest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:
Oh vild, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Mistris,
Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*
Hor. I know her answere.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina*.
Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?
Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensios* wife?
Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.
Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:
Away I say, and bring them hither straight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.
Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremacie:
And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.
Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.
Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And shew more signe of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wiues
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:

Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnder foote.
Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a sillie passe.
Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?
Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:
The wisdome of your dutie faire *Bianca*,
Hath cost me fiue hundred crownes since supper time,
Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.
Pet. *Katherine* I charge thee tell these head-strong women,
What dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no telling.
Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her,
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.
Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkind brow,
And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meades,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewindes shake faire budds,
And in no sence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is so, none so drie or thirstie
Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy Keeper,
Thy head, thy soueraigne: one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his bodie
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too litle payment for so great a debt.
Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,
Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peeuish, sullen, sower,
And not obedient to his honest will:
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,

And graceleſſe Traitour to her louing Lord?
I am a ſham'd that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer warre, where they ſhould kneele for peace;
Or ſeeke for rule, ſupremacie, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weake, and ſmooth,
Vnapt to toyle, and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions, and our harts.
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaſon haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I ſee our Launces are but ſtrawes:
Our ſtrength as weake, our weakeneſſe paſt compare,
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vale your ſtomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he pleaſe,
My hand is readie may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why ther's a wench: come on, and kiſſe me *Kate.*
Luc. Well go thy wayes old Lad for thou ſhalt ha't.
Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.
Pet. Come *Kate*, wee'l to bed,
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager though you hit the white.
And being a winner, God giue you good night,

Exit Petruchio.

Horten. Now go thy wayes thou haſt tam'd a curſt Shrow.
Luc. 'Tis a wonder by your leaue, ſhe will tam'd ſo.

FINIS.